

## mad max: hawkins road by dustingspace

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Aged-Up Character(s), F/M, Fluff and Crack, Gen, i just love writing silly things lol, its safe to assume they arent a bunch of 13 yr olds driving a car, literally just a fun piece i wrote about max getting a car, the aging up tag doesnt really matter, ya never know though!!

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

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**Summary:**

in which Max is the first one in the party to get a car; and takes the rest of the party on a ride

## **mad max: hawkins road**

“If you step on the seat, I will fucking kill you.” Max said to Dustin, pressing a finger against his chest. “Did you hear me?”

“Yes, I heard you, Max – for the, like, seventeenth time.”

“And what did I say?” Max asked, leaning her head forward.

“Step on the seat, really, really hard.”

“Cut the shit, Dustin, we just want to get in the car!” Mike groaned, leaning down to look inside the car. “Just tell her you won’t step on the seat!”

“I was kidding.” Dustin huffed, raising his hands in defeat. “Max. I will not step on the seat of your absolutely beautiful piece of shit car.”

Max glared at him for a moment before opening the door, gesturing inside with a wave. “Alright. You may enter.”

“Boys in the back.” El said, gesturing a finger around. “I’ve got shotgun.”

“No way.” Lucas said, staring at Max from the other side of the car. “You’re putting all four of us in the back?”

“You heard the lady.” Max said, staring at him. “Backseat, baby.”

Lucas huffed and pulled open the other back door, sliding in and settling between Will and Dustin. Mike and Will were the ends of the sandwiches, each pressed against the door handles at an uncomfortable angle. El slid into the front seat, shutting the door gently behind her and clicking her seatbelt into place.

Max slid into the driver’s seat and shut the door. She slid the key into the ignition and twisted it; the car, despite its horrifying outer appearance, had a wonderfully maintained inside – and motor.

The car vroomed to life, and Max shrieked with absolute, unbridled

joy.

"I have a fucking car!" Max screamed, banging her fists against the steering wheel. El cheered along with her but the boys were far too uncomfortable in the backseat to bother celebrating with them. "El, pick a tape."

"Alright, let's see." El picked up the shoebox of mixtapes from under her seat as Max twisted around to look out the back window as she backed out of the driveway. "Hm. Queen? How many votes for Queen?"

"Not Queen, please." Will muttered, shifting between Lucas and the door. "Jonathan plays them too much."

"Alrighty. How about some Michael Jackson? Anyone? No? No votes for Thriller, Beat It, anything?" El asked, twisting around in the front seat as Max put the car into drive.

"What else do you have?" Mike asked, reaching a hand up to move his hair out of face; it had gotten exceptionally long at this point, but he'd told his mom he wouldn't cut it until El said she didn't like it anymore (little did Karen Wheeler know that this day may never come).

"Hall & Oates?"

"Hold it. Album?" Lucas asked.

El held up a cassette tape: Bigger than the Both of Us.

"Play that shit!" Lucas shouted, and El fumbled with the casing for a second before sliding it into the cassette player.

Back Together Again started to play, and all of the boys in the backseat started to shake their heads to the beat. It was an old album, one their parents had played and one they all loved; one that reminded them all of their childhoods, and it felt so fitting that it be the one they listen to as Max, the first one of them to get a car, drove them around for the very first time.

Sometimes, Will thought, my life is just like a movie.

“Where to?” Max yelled over the music, pressing the brake softly as they reached an intersection. “Right into town or left toward the arcade?”

“Can we get ice cream?” El asked, propping her head up on her hand, her elbow leaning against the window. “I’ve got a craving.”

“Hell yeah. I don’t care what those backseat losers want anyways.” Max said, holding out her palm. El slapped it with her own and turned around to face Mike; she stuck her tongue out at him, and he rolled his eyes and pursed his lips toward her like a kiss.

El unbuckled her seat belt and leaned across the center console and into the backseat. Mike slipped his hand up against her cheek and they kissed.

“God!” Dustin shouted, squirming to get away from them. “Max, are her feet not on the fucking seat?!”

“Nope, just her knees. Stop shitting on love, Dustin.” Max replied, turning up the music.

Rich Girl started to play and El settled back into her seat, buckling her seatbelt back into place.

“Is that Steve?” Will asked, squinting and leaning toward the front seat. “Over there?”

“Oh my god!” Max squealed, “Everyone roll down your windows!”

Max rolled past Steve slowly, turning up the music so it was blaring through the car speakers. Steve was holding a grocery bag, probably walking back to his car after shopping, and he turned when he heard the loud music coming from the car.

“Max!” He shouted, sliding his sunglasses up onto his head, “Max, turn that down!”

“You’re a rich girl!” Max shouted, her friends chorusing: “Rich girl!”

“Jesus.” Steve said, quickly crossing the street and bending down to look into her car, “So this is your – uh – ride, huh?”

"I know, it's shitty." Max said, turning down the music and drumming her fingers against the wheel. "But it's mine. All mine."

"You paid for it?" Steve asked, looking into the backseat, "Oh my god, you put all of the guys in the backseat? You could've just had them double-decker."

"What, put Dustin on Lucas' lap? Hell, no. Not in my car." Max scoffed, glancing back at them. "Where are you parked?"

"Uh, down the street." Steve said, motioning with his hand.

"Want a ride?" Max asked, glancing over at El. "Can you move to the back?"

El rolled her eyes but nodded, unbuckling her seat belt and getting out of the car, walking around to the back seat and climbing around on Mike's end.

Steve shrugged and walked around the car, sliding into the passenger seat. "Good tape." He said, shutting the door. "I'm just down by the ice cream shop."

"We were heading there anyways." Max said, and Dustin leaned forward and pressed his chin to Steve's shoulder.

"Oh, god – Dustin." Steve jumped slightly, turning around to face him. "Did you get a haircut?"

"Yeah, yesterday." Dustin grinned, reaching a hand up. "Does it look good?"

"Looks great." Steve grinned, "Did you talk to Hannah yet?"

"Ugh." Dustin collapsed back in his seat, frowning and tilting his head up to stare at the ceiling.

"Don't even mention her." Will said, shaking his head. "Dustin, you're out of her league anyways."

"Don't even say that." Dustin said, holding up a hand to stop him. "Hannah is a goddess. She's top in our class, on the varsity track

team, and –”

“And a really shitty neighbor.” Max muttered, thinking back to the time when Hannah – the new girl in Hawkins, like she had once been – had decked her house with toilet paper on Halloween (and of course, the day after, it had rained).

“But she’s so – cool.” Dustin whispered, melting into his seat.

“She’s a –”

“Hold it back, Max, hold it back.” Lucas said, reaching a hand forward to squeeze her shoulder. “Deep breaths.”

“Oh, shut up, Lucas.”

“Yeah, Lucas.” El chimed in, adjusting herself on Mike’s lap. Max’s car drove over a speed bump a mile too fast, and El’s head hit the roof of the car. “Ow!”

“Sorry!” Max cried out, wincing as she glanced at El in the rearview mirror. “Almost there.”

“You know,” Steve said, relaxing in his seat, “If there’s one thing I’ve learned over the years –”

“Here we go.” Mike said, rolling his eyes, “The famed shitty Harrington love advice –”

“Hey, Wheeler? Shut your mouth.” He said, whipping around to point a finger at Mike, “Just because you’ve had the same girlfriend for like three years doesn’t make you some kind of master boyfriend, okay? Let me speak.”

“Let him speak!” Dustin cried out, punching Mike in the shoulder.

“Fine! God.” Mike mumbled, eyeing Steve. “Get on with it.”

“If there’s one thing I’ve learned over the years, it’s that honesty is the best policy. You tell her how you really feel, trust she’ll tell you the truth about how she really feels – and if she feels the same way then boom. Golden. If not? Then – you move on. Simple. Easy as

pie.” Steve said, slapping his hands against his jeans.

Max pulled into a parking spot and switched the car into park, unbuckling her seatbelt to turn around and face her friends.

“And that is how you drive a car.”

“We all know how to drive a car.” Will said, smirking at her, “I’m getting my license tomorrow –”

“If you pass!” Max said, pointing a finger at him. “If!”

“Aren’t you always the one chiding on and on about how confidence is key?” Lucas groaned, and Steve opened the car door.

“If you guys stop whining at each other and get out of the car now – I’ll treat you all to a single-scoop cone.” Steve said, slipping out. “Better hurry. Limited-time offer.”

“Shit!” El gasped, fumbling with the car handle before pushing the door open, slipping out of the car. Mike giggled and followed her, with the rest of the boys slowly climbing out of the car (Max monitoring them closely to make sure they didn’t put their disgusting dirty shoes on her beautiful shiny leather seats – and then smiling after all the doors were closed and locked).

They ran to catch up to Steve, who was already inside and ordering a vanilla cone.

“You want chocolate or strawberry?” Mike asked El, who was leaning toward the glass to look at the different tubs of ice cream.

“I can’t decide.” She sighed, looking between her two favorite flavors.

“I’ll get one and you can get the other and we can share.” Mike offered. El straightened and turned toward him, flashing him a grin.

“Strawberry, then.”

“Alright, kiddos. Order.” Steve said, pointing to the register. “Max, you can get two scoops. Since you drove.”

“Aw, Steve.” Max sighed, draping her hand across her forehead. “You’re being so sweet you’ve just got me swooning.”

“Don’t make me take it back.” Steve huffed, running a hand through his long hair. “Come on, hurry up. I’ve got a shift tonight.”

“An overnight shift? Man, what’d you do to piss the Chief off?” Dustin asked, and Steve widened his eyes at him.

“What did I do? Well I got a call from the Sinclairs at two in the morning that their son was missing because all of you losers just had to be at the store for the midnight release of that stupid new video game –”

“Not stupid.” Will said pointedly, and Steve pressed his mouth into a thin line. “You didn’t have to drive us. I offered that Jonathan could –”

“He’s home for the first time in months.” Steve mumbled, taking the vanilla cone offered to him by one of the girls behind the counter. “Thank you –” he turned back to Will, “he and Nancy were out. I didn’t want them to have to – you know. Be interrupted. By you nerds.”

“Since when did you care so much about my brother?” Will asked, but it was more teasing than a legitimate question. Steve blushed as Will told the cashier his order, and Steve tugged a bill out of his pocket and handed it to the cashier, waving at her when she tried to give him his change.

“Put it in the tip jar.” He said, and the cashier blushed.

“We don’t – have one.” She said, biting down on her lip. “Really, it’s okay –”

“You ladies don’t have a tip jar? I would think that all the guys would be falling over each other –”

“Oh, stop it, you.” She giggled, waving at Steve. He winked at her and pressed a hand to Dustin’s shoulder, tousling Max’s hair as he turned around.



“Later, nerds.” He said, pointing a finger at Max as he pushed the door open. “Drive safe!”

“We will!” Max called out, taking her cone and giving it a hearty lick. “Or – I will. Me. Driving safe.”

“I’m surprised we got here in one piece.” Lucas muttered, and Max pushed her elbow against his hip. He nearly dropped his cone, and as revenge, stole a lick off hers.

“Hey!” She shouted, leaning forward to lick his. He pulled her toward him and their lips met in a sticky kiss.

“Congratulations, Max.”

“Thanks.” Max grinned, pulling away from him and winking, “Stalker.”

### **Author's Note:**

merry chrimus and happy new year <3 check out my tumblr @timetravl and my other works if you feel like it :~) thanks for reading!!!!